

# DODGE CITY TIMES.

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NO. 4.

## THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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## Official City and County Paper.

### OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

#### County.

Representative—Hon. R. M. Wright.  
Commissioners—Geo. B. Cox, Chairman.  
A. J. Peacock,  
J. W. Sillow.  
County Clerk—Jno B Means.  
Treasurer—A. B. Webster.  
Sheriff—W. B. Masterson.  
Register—A. C. Hale.  
Clerk District Court—Harry Boyer.  
Probate Judge—Herman J. Fringer.  
County Attorney—M. W. Sutton.  
Surveyor—Charles Van Trump.  
Supt. Pub Inst.—Thomas L. McCarty.  
Coroner—Geo F Jones.

#### City.

Mayor—James H. Kelley.

Councilmen—Hon D D Colley.  
C. M. Beeson.  
John Newton.  
James Anderson.  
Walter Straeter.  
Police Judge—Samuel Marshall.  
Attorney and Clerk—E. F. Colborn.  
Treasurer—E. G. Cook.  
Marshal—Charles E. Bassett.  
Ass't Marshal—Wyatt Earp.

#### Township.

Trustees—P. L. Reatty.  
Clerk—John B Means.  
Treasurer—Henry N. Cox.  
Justices—Lloyd Shinn, E. G. Cook and J. B. Vanvorhus.  
Constables—P. Saghru, Jack Callahan and W. Pettys.  
Officers of School District No. 1—F. C. Zimmerman, President; M. Collier Secretary; A. J. Anthony Treasurer.  
School District No. 2—Director—W. C. Seward; Clerk, O. O. Beardsley; Treasurer, V. Mellicker.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
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#### RELIGIOUS.

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REV. O. W. WRIGHT, Pastor.

#### L. O. O. F.

CLORONA LODGE No. 137, L. O. O. F. meet at their hall, on Locust Street, every Wednesday night. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. R. G. COOK, N. G. GEO. F. JONES, Secretary.

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### THE TIMES JOB OFFICE

IS NOW PREPARED TO PRINT ALL KINDS of posters, cards, letter heads, bill heads, shipping tags, envelope cards, circulars and blanks, in the latest and most attractive styles.

### JOTTINGS DOWN THE ROAD.

Business called us to Larned Monday last, but we left this morn'g Sunday by the fast freight line. At Spearville the train was boarded by Major McCallister, landlord of the Summit House, and J. J. Burns, publisher of the Spearville Enterprise. We could scarcely resist the Major's earnest solicitations to accept of his hospitality, but promised to do so at another time—to stay a week. Mr. Burns continued the journey to Kinsley, where he is printing the Enterprise until he purchases printing material. Mr. Burns is a young man of unusually good judgment and lacks no energy which guarantees success to his Enterprise. He will in future conduct the paper alone and thus secure the confidence of the entire people.

Newspapers are becoming as numerous as the sand hills on the Arkansas river. Kinsley has another one with the fourth one in embryo—the German persuasion. It will be a happy approach to the millennium when every razor-backed politician can have an "organ."

Larned was reached at midnight. We found the Larned House full and overflowing yet we were comfortably stowed away in the spacious parlor. Mr. Isbell has purchased an adjoining building and will be able to give greater accommodations to his numerous guests. He does all in his power to make his patrons comfortable.

The business at the Larned Land Office continues with unabated vigor. Receiver Booth and Register Morris use the utmost endeavors to facilitate the business of the throng that gathers there daily. These gentlemen and their assistants are courteous and accommodating to every one.

Major Henry Inman has taken charge of the Larned Enterprise and this week it will appear with the name changed to the euphony of CHRONOSCOPE. We questioned the eligibility of such a title, but was forced to succumb to the Major's judgment and his fine literary taste. The Major is a fine writer and will make the Chronoscope a valuable and interesting newspaper. His ability is too well known to need any further commendation at our hands. In Sunday's Topeka Commonwealth appears a contribution by Major Inman, entitled "A Legend of Pawnee Rock." This is a sketch of more than local interest, and the writer assured us the article was founded on fact. Many of the scenes and blood-curdling incidents on this frontier are familiar to the older settlers in this region, but the writer portrays them in his exquisite literary style that makes "A Legend of Pawnee Rock" novel, interesting and entertaining. We read the fine literary production with great pleasure, and regret we cannot find space to reproduce a few of its many interesting passages.

Capt. Davis editor of the Pawnee county Herald was up his armpits in business, and sustains his well earned reputation in Pawnee with becoming modesty.

We could not be beguiled into the wiry embraces of the statesmen at Larned; and after transacting our business, in company with our townsman A. B. Webster, we sped the way at noon on a special train to Great Bend. We took a position on the front platform of the only car, and the cool June breeze fanning our massive brows we "took in" the beautiful country and its extensive wheat fields in the clear and yellow, and the legendary Pawnee Rock. A "wheat field" riper and brighter than the rest, a short distance to our right was by a fellow traveler pointed out to "Web" as "a wheat field ready for the harvester." Alas! for vain hopes to delusions given. The optical delusions in these walled mirage scenes prove interesting yet deceptive and annoying. The imaginary wheat field proved to be an extensive sand hill bordering on the raging Arkansas.

This memorable Pawnee Rock stands in its meekness and sublimity, unconscious of the written pages to its memory. Like a Gibraltar its stands as a monument to mark the vicissitudes of the early life, the danger of the former plainsman, and the living sepulcher of dangers, deaths, legends and damnation—hot times on the plains. We are attracted by legendary

marks of primitiveness. Whilst the swift speeding special is thundering down the lovely Arkansas Valley, as we pass the historical Rock we draw our chronoscope and with deftness, in the fleetness of the sturdy iron horse, we scooped an impression found on the topermost projecting rock overshadowing all the rest, and portraying an inscription bearing these ominous words and figures: "H. Inman, 1492, C. C." (Christopher Columbus epoch.) Were we basking in the sunshine of a delusive mirage; but a second double action scope of our chronograph we discovered a curiously stained rock at the base of this mighty ledge, which upon information by our fellow companion, proved to be the rock upon which Great Bend, a young Indian warrior, dashed out his brains. It was a lover's leap to the bad-rock of eternity. The girl fooled him. Lo, she would not become Mistress. The foolish warrior for this unrequited affection, through the tears, the groans and the entreaties of the frail, false, fickle Indian maiden, dashed forward and downward from the huge commanding cliff; leaving the poor girl standing on the rock, regretting her folly, sobbing, and contemplating the cold charity she must endure, when a bull train bound for Santa Fe hove in sight.

On the "Borderland, between romance and history," which a writer ascribes the position of the newspaper press, is this legend written. Its phantom approaches the romance line, with daring proximity to the borderland. Ever since, though unwritten, but familiar to the survivors of the bull train, the projecting rock has been known as the lover's leap to the heavenly paradise—where unrequited is unknown.

A short ride brought to us the elevator city—the wheat emporium of Barton county—Great Bend. After dinner we sought our whitem Missouri friend Judge Chan. P. Townsley, editor of the Inland Tribune, and one of the noblest hearted men in Kansas. We renewed our friendship in a manner peculiar to the "braves" of the halcyon days of our former selves. The embracing was affecting but not tearful. J. B. Fugate, editor of the Democrat, is a genial gentleman and an admirer of the TIMES. The Democrat is receiving a liberal support.

Great Bend is a stirring town. It is situated a half mile from the depot, to make a correspondence to the great bend of the river. Everything is great bend. They are great bending expectations on the mammoth wheat crop, and these great bends of expectancy find elevation in massive elevators. We took a great bend line for the train at one o'clock at night, reaching this magnificent city of the plains at an early hour.

### GRAPHICS.

That excellent newspaper—the KINSLEY GRAPHIC—is brimful of interesting local notes and able, readable and timely editorials; and the whole go to make up a valuable journal, which everybody reads, which everybody appreciates, and which everybody subscribes and pays for, in Edwards county. We glean the following from the Graphic:

In company with D. S. Perry we visited the "Sand Hills" the other day, and confess our astonishment to find so many natural curiosities and places of interest so near home.

V. D. Billings has harvested his wool crop. The clip "pans out" about one thousand pounds. President Boggs is shepherd in charge. Sheep culture pays here.

The amount of rainfall at Kinsley for the month of May, reported by J. A. Walker was 5 18-100 inches. The fall on the 21st and 22d was three inches. Mr. Walker reports that the average rainfall for May during the past five years has been five inches.

COAL.—Menzo Webb left with us some several suspicious specimens of solid sulphuric stone coal found on the Saw Log, in Hodgeman, twenty miles north of Kinsley. There is coal in paying quantities in that vicinity, and all that is necessary to develop the same is a little public spirited enterprise and capital. "There's millions in it." Who will strike the bonanza.

The population of Wichita as reported is 4,300.

A field of sixteen acres of wheat was cut southwest of Larned May 25th.

The latest "bull" by an American is "do you know you lose a good many eggs you don't get?"

The Chicago Times (Democratic) says the Potter business is simply ridiculous and silly.

Sedgwick county will harvest about two millions of bushels of wheat. Forty bushels to the acre will be the yield.

A brigadier general in the late war is now driving a horse car in Chicago. Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

In Europe everybody is praying that a Congress may assemble. In America everybody is praying for a Congress to adjourn.

All the Odd Fellows in the State are invited to Leavenworth on the 4th of July. Provisions will be made for their entertainment.

Several wagon loads of ice were procured after a recent hail storm in Butler county. It piled up in one ravine to a depth of sixteen feet.

If the sentiments of the press are any indication of the public mind, John A. Martin, of Atchison, is the universal candidate for Governor.

The Hiawatha Herald warns the boys that the circus is coming, and that they will do well to keep away from the "grand pagant," as it is liable to bite people.

Kansas is getting ready to harvest 1,527,787 acres of wheat. It is estimated that the total yield will be from 30,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels.

Congressional aspirants will note that a seat in Congress cuts no figure in Washington society, unless backed by brains, wealth, or a handsome wife.

Alexander H. Stephens announces himself a candidate for reelection to Congress. The Democrats say that the Republicans intend to nominate him as Vice President on the ticket with Grant.

The Larned Herald is informed by Major Toles that he has sold a large tract of railroad land, adjoining the Fort Larned reservation on the west, to a colony of Quakers who propose to settle there. They will purchase altogether about 10,000 acres in that locality.

Another reformer has come to grief—in the treasurer of Douglas county, Kansas. If such things happen in the green tree what will it be in the dry? We are assured there are no more honest men outside the ranks of reform. And this is a bad beginning under the new dispensation.—[E. C. Journal.

The Great Bend Tribune states that Wm Ford, living north of that place about 15 miles, has apple trees three years old from the graft, bearing nice fruit. He also has peaches, blackberries, cherries, grapes and other small fruits. He has no doubt about this climate and soil producing the best of all kinds of fruit.

The venerable Thurlow Weed in an interview with a Herald reporter, deprecates the action of the Potter committee, and says that while he is not what may be called "a Grant man," he believes that if the attempt to Mexicanize the Government is persisted in, that the business men and capitalists will compel the Republicans to nominate Gen. Grant in 1880 for President. Thurlow Weed is a shrewd politician and his opinion is regarded as gospel by thousands in this country.

The Pueblo Chieftain says the officers of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe are much pleased with the result of their suit with the Denver and Rio Grande, regarding the right of way through the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. The work of building both south and towards Leadville will be prosecuted with all possible vigor. The statement is repeated that Jay Gould has made terms with the Denver & Rio Grande, and the letting of the contract for the grading of that road from Alamosa to Santa Fe would seem to confirm the report.

A German paper is to be started at Kinsley. And another English paper. This will make four. It strikes us that this is overdoing the thing in a town of that size.—[Champion.

The stupendous stupendity of the stipend that stimulates the stipulation for an organ of the grinder species, leaves room for doubt as to the existence of the tuneful harp after the public want has been felt. We see no reason for this innovation, and having sympathy for the unfortunate we shed our tears now. The abortion will meet a premature grave as it met a premature birth. It is a bastard.